

Los Angeles County Museum / volume 16, no. 4, fall 1960



Teiji Shara

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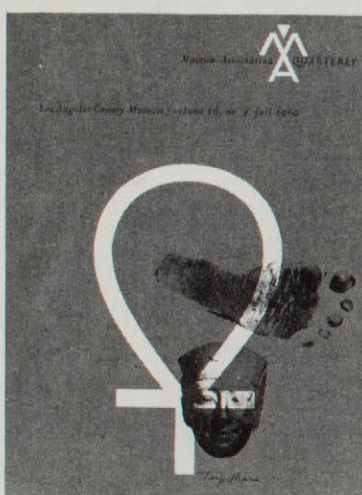
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The cover design, by Teiji Ohara, after a reading of Dr. Baxter's article, incorporates an ancient Egyptian symbol of life and the Egyptian stone head (Saite Period) from the Museum's Hearst collection.

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The QUARTERLY of the Los Angeles County Museum. Volume 16, Number 4

A Message from Arthur G. Coons

President of Occidental College

A SENSE of community is important. In southern California we have re-made a desert. For all our past achievements showing the sense of community let us be grateful: dams, aqueducts, water; roads, bridges, freeways; agricultural cooperation, marketing systems; urban improvements, a vast metropolitan complex; schools, state university, independent colleges and universities, state colleges, junior colleges, an unparalleled system of higher education; libraries; museums; art institutes and scholarly societies; theaters and the dramatic arts, orchestras and "symphonies under the stars." The material civilization serves the spiritual culture; the moral and spiritual sustain the material. And it is all meaningful if we have goals we prize and for which we give and sacrifice, i.e. if we believe in a future our efforts seek to create.

Basic to all our western civilization we commonly say are certain institutions: home, church, school, state; but basic to modern culture and civilization are the derivative institutions, now all so challengingly important, indeed essential, which are: theater, college, library, museum, university, art studio, engineering laboratory, research institute. (Possibly that order reflects man's history, although the pace of development of each "institution" has been irregular.)



Man has sought and seeks community for worship, defense and security, food and economy, order and discipline—even for freedom under law; but the factors of community which are and should be most compelling today, apart from religion and nationhood, are: (1) a common culture, (2) the aspirations of scholarship including the fellowship of scholars and their realization of the necessity of the universality of truth, science, and learning, (3) the desire to share beauty that lies in all true art, and (4) the sense of commonalty of all mankind that inspires any profound ethical system.

There is a sense in which the city is but the reflection of the world and the world but the reflection of the problems of the city. The political, economic, psychological, moral, and cultural problems that the student finds in the city he also finds in the world.

In the cultural process, museums, art gal-

Continued on page 22

FRANK C. BAXTER
*Professor of English
University
of Southern California*



*Homage to Museums . . . excerpts from a lecture given
at the Museum Association's 1960 Annual Luncheon*

MR. CHAIRMAN, Ladies and Gentlemen: Although I am an associate of the Los Angeles County Museum I think that I might much better be called an inmate or tenant of that institution. I spend more time within its walls than you can imagine. If necessary I could vote from this address. Indeed, some day I expect to discover that I have been formally accessioned and stuffed for the permanent collection. As you have heard, I work in the University across the street, and often when the unmarked blue-books pile up too high, the unanswered mail gets mountainous, and the academic pace gets a little too dynamically rapid, I rush over to the Museum for the tonic therapy it always offers. Often at lunch time I walk over to the Museum, if only for a moment, and entering the front door I turn immediately to the right at the entrance to the Hearst synoptic collection. In the first little

anteroom there is the head of an Egyptian, so cunningly placed and illuminated that if you look at him long enough from a point just inside the door he smiles, and that wonderful face clearly reveals what he is thinking. "Not so hot, little man," he says. "Time slips along, and the great river flows, and nothing matters very much. They won't really catch you, and in three thousand years the blue-books will be quite forgotten." After this I go back and answer the mail, and mark the blue-books, restored, reassured, and refreshed.

I am therefore very happy to have this chance to extend my thanks in public to this museum and all that it represents. As a teacher—and as a lecturer on television—I have made most profitable use of its Education Division. You could never believe the strain I have sometimes put upon the Education Division. Russell Smith turns white when

I appear in his doorway, and Ken Good views me with a bilious and speculative eye when I loom up once more. I know what they are thinking: "What does the man want this time? A buttonhook from Gemoviolocke? A Gothic battle mace? A Revolutionary flint-lock? Or a stuffed Peruvian pig?" But Mr. Smith and his associates go into a huddle, and I get my buttonhook or pig every time—or a suit of armor, a mummy, or a Greek urn, or whatever it is I seek. Once, by the way, it was a stuffed skunk, but this (like everything else) presented no problem at all to them.

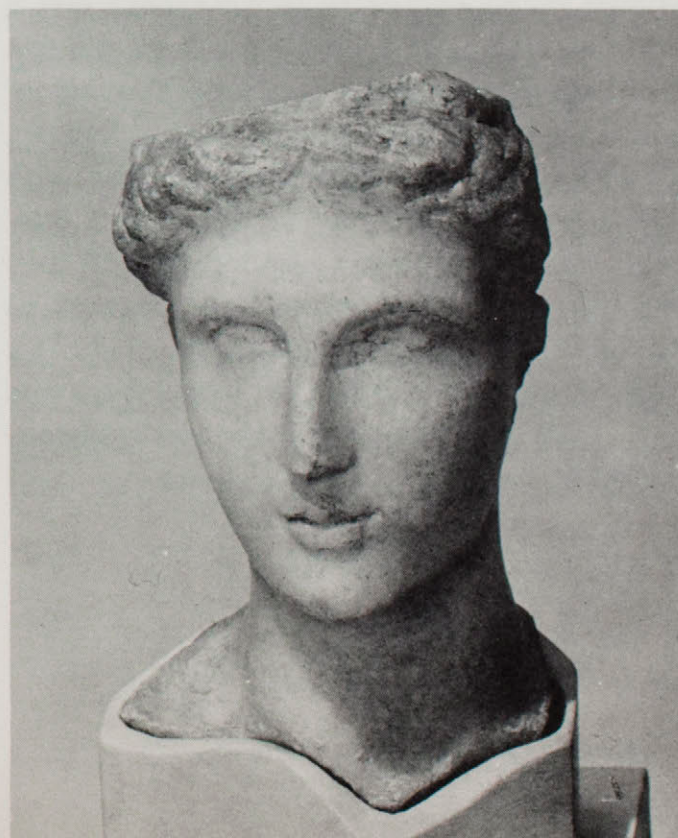
Now, ladies and gentlemen, you know the axiom that every college teacher of English Literature is at heart a frustrated actor. Since television has demonstrated very clearly that I am no actor, I must look elsewhere for the prime rationalization of my particular being. It is very clear: I am a frustrated Museum Curator. In my next incarnation I have definitely decided to have my own museum. It is too late now for me to amass the learning and the skill such lucky people must have. Although it is too late to do anything about this now, I feel that I have none the less some claim upon your attention and respect. After all, I am the Ultimate Consumer of the Museum, and today I speak as a representative of the thousands of such people who are eternally in the debt of curators and museums.

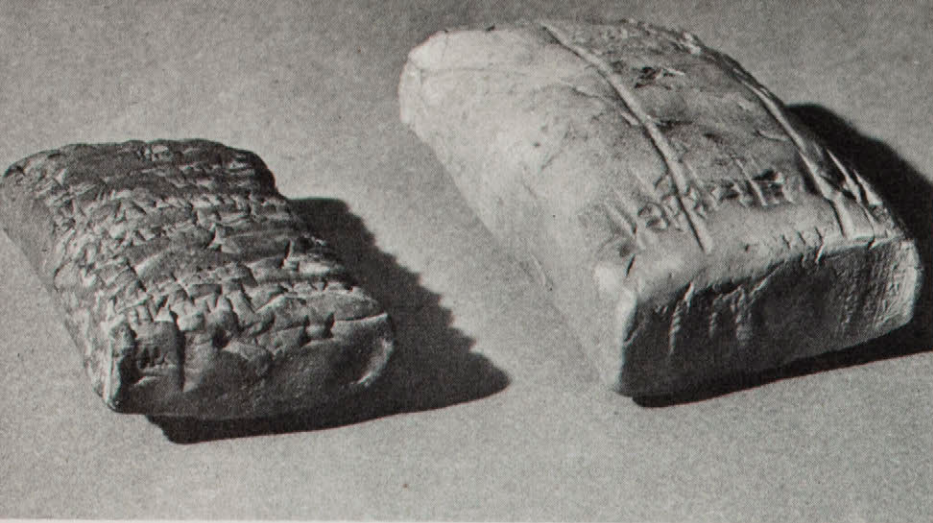
Many long decades ago Fate nudged me (while it was still time) but I paid no attention to her. It happened just before my graduation from the University of Pennsylvania. A classmate of mine who was a rather wealthy and somewhat pointless young man with many talents, and no demonstrated prime excellence in any of them, asked me the question which I shall never forget: "What would you do with yourself if you were I—with my father and all the money—and had a free choice of all the careers in the world?" Of course I was staggered by the idea. I had decided to be a teacher, and knew quite clearly that I would be destined for the rest of my life to regard about \$18.75 as the limit of actual cash—everything beyond that necessarily being

credit. I knew my friend and how interested he was in pictures, sculpture, history, and architecture, and tried to imagine myself with such a Renaissance princeliness of free choice. "If I were you, Francis," I said, "I would take a course in museum curatorship." I think that this was very good advice, and I should have taken it myself. Well, obviously I did not. He did—and became Director of the Metropolitan Museum in New York. So you see why I feel that I have some reason for being with you today—apart from the possibility of my becoming a stuffed exhibit in the collection of this museum.

Men measure the significant steps in their lives in various ways. Some think of what Masefield calls "the golden moments of the sprinkled seeds"—by the flashes of truth they have suddenly perceived, or by the progressive satisfactions of unfolding ambition. Some men punctuate their memories by the various jobs they have had, by the peaks in the rising curve of the money they have made—by the girls they have known, by the games they have won, the ships they have sailed in, the honorary degrees they have amassed, or by the increasing linear space of the notice in *Who's Who*. If I were to write my autobiography (an almost incredible assumption) I think that I could very well punctuate the thin and humble thread of my life with the museums I have known. Indeed, I think that it was in the old Franklin Institute in Philadelphia that I first

Head of Aphrodite. Greek (Hellenistic), III Century B.C. Made in Alexandria, Egypt.





Cuneiform tablet with envelope.

woke up to the fact that there is more than meets the eye in this world of ours. It was not the grand marmoreal Franklin Institute that now looms impressively on the Parkway, but the ancient little stuffy Franklin Institute building that had been engulfed by the run-down little businesses, notion jobbers, and warehouses of the old mercantile Philadelphia that had grown up around it. I was a very small boy and greatly impressed and baffled by the exhibits of this crowded and famous little museum. One afternoon out of somewhere there appeared a custodian, or curator, who beckoned to me. From the pocket of his black frock coat he took a little black tube. "Son," he said, "I bet you never saw one of these. Look through it." Now, ladies and gentlemen, this was in the very first years of our century, when many of you, to say the least, were uncertain genealogical hypotheses. I looked through the little tube and beheld a miracle. I saw a bright speck of radioactive material out of which there flashed a little spiral, a little helix of white sparks. I now know that the magic black tube of my unknown friend (peace be to his ashes) was a scintilloscope, but I could not have known that I was seeing in that moment the seeds of what our incredible century was to achieve. This boy's eyes were destined to see Sir Joseph Thomson, Michael Pupin, Madame Curie, Millikan, Oppenheimer, Anderson, and Teller. But all these portentous people were to lie far in the future. The little boy beheld a miracle, and knew that in the world there was more than his philosophy could ever quite encompass.

I haunted the Franklin Institute, the Academy of Fine Arts, and Memorial Hall. I spent days in Independence Hall, which at that time was a cluttered museum of flat cases, each one of which seemed to contain thousands of items: manuscript letters, medals, old ink wells, ink sanders, quill pens, single spurs, and everything but giblets. All of these things were unlabeled, most of them quite meaningless as objects, and yet somehow all of them were exciting. When I last visited Independence Hall, after nearly half a century, I realized how far curatorship has developed and improved since the days when I stood there as an imaginative small boy, baffled by the sheer confusion of this antiquarian welter.

After World War I, I became a student at the University of Pennsylvania and discovered the magnificent museum of that institution. For the first time I came under the spell of the Mediterranean, Mesopotamian, and Oriental cultures. I brooded over the restoration of the Cretan frescoes. I tried to draw things. Only the other day I came across a crude drawing of a serene and beautiful Lohan who sits eternally in beautiful colored porcelain with one raised hand. Even in my amateurish sketch he is noble and dignified and memorable. There is a little broken head of Aphrodite in that museum, a tiny terra cotta Greek head found in the lone river bed of a stream in India where Alexander the Great's troops had passed. It is the most charming and gentle and lovely little face I have ever seen anywhere (present company excepted) and she

Black-figured Stamnos. Greek, Attic late VI Century B.C.



has meant more to me than all but a few of these phantoms who, pretending to exist in three vital dimensions, swim meaninglessly across my ken. There is another well-remembered terra cotta face, too—that of a strangely disturbing hook-nosed little Greek blonde in the British Museum, upon whose life the fate of history turned as on a pivot. You have probably heard of her: her name was Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. Believe me, ladies and gentlemen, what I have met, learned, felt and understood in museums has colored and shaped my life: this I most firmly assert.

I have had amusing adventures in museums, too, some of which may seem trivial, facetious, and aside from the main point. You are looking at a man who once discovered a live mouse in the Bibliothèque Nationale. Moreover, at the end of World War I (thanks to a slab of Army issue plug tobacco) I bribed myself into the still closed Louvre and spent a quiet afternoon with the Venus de Milo and the Winged Victory of Samothrace. In the British Museum I once gathered enough tobacco from the folio pages of Lamb's famous Beaumont and Fletcher (vide "Old China") to fill a pipe—and so was probably the last man to smoke Lamb's tobacco with him.

Strangely, I have had few rebuffs from those in charge of museums. Once an elderly Gothic harpy threw me out of Memorial Hall because I was unattended by an adult. All I remember of that museum is the full size paper replica of the Bayeux Tapestry and an urn filled with dry pampas grass. Another time I interrupted the private thoughts of the director of a famous eastern museum. He was a magnificent curator, a very bishop of a curator, and a man notorious for a terrible temper. I pulled him by the coattails and said, "Sir, isn't this interesting?" Affronted by this indignity, he went with me to look at a great pink granite statue of a Pharaoh, who sat as Osiris with his flail and crook and his beard turning up—as a god's *must* turn up—in proud eternal stone. On the rough surface behind this colorful figure I had discovered a fossil, no doubt antedating the proud Pharaoh

by several million years. It seemed to me that this little petrified ammonite made a very nice footnote to the haughty pride of the Egyptian. The curator, however, was not amused. He glared at me and said "So what?" I am happy to say that three days later he fell down a long stairway and was killed. So you better not fool with me, Jean Delacour and Russell Smith.

Now what have I, a confessed addict of museums, really learned from them? Obviously, much history, a sense of the progressive unfolding of civilization, and an enhanced feeling for and understanding of man's attempts at artistic expression. I learned the great truth that things are eloquent and that abstractions pale before them. Here in my hand is a facsimile (I only wish it were an original) of a document of 1900 B. C. It embodies no great truth and certainly lacks beauty in either form or expression. But what it says is none the less interesting to read. "Dear Mr. Elmassian: This is Mr. Sinerish, may the God Shumash grant thee life. Where is that money you owe me? There is some more money owing me in your neighborhood; will you please collect it and bring it along? I have got to hear from you." Suddenly all the years, all the millennia, fall away and we recognize a human pulse, and a living brother. I never open the sinister envelopes in the morning mail, those with the little glass windows, but I think of Mr. Elmassian and his cry from the dark.

Things that men have planned, dreamed, and then wrought into lasting form with their hands are most eloquent. The British Museum a century and a quarter ago was a dark, drafty and dusty warehouse. The unclassified loot of centuries was piled up in confusion. The heaped up Elgin Marbles were difficult for the visitor even to see, let alone study decently; and the Greek vases and pots were dustily displayed (dozens to the case): it seems quite impossible that anyone viewing these heaped up things could ever have taken much imaginative fire from them. But John Keats did, and the *Ode to a Grecian Urn* is one of the

great rewards of all of one's reading. *Things* are indeed most eloquent.

History is like a great river that appears first as a thin and shallow rill some seven thousand years ago. As it flows, it broadens and deepens and we today stand on its shores. It flows down to us: all of it belongs to us, and you and I and all men were made by it—and we are its heirs. Increasingly I grow tired of people who do not choose to look backward—the people who apparently believe that the world began about 1927 or thereabouts. To be unawakened and uninterested, and to refuse to come into one's great inheritance of the past: these are all sins. Not to take one's place in the human pageant is to deprive oneself of significance as a person.

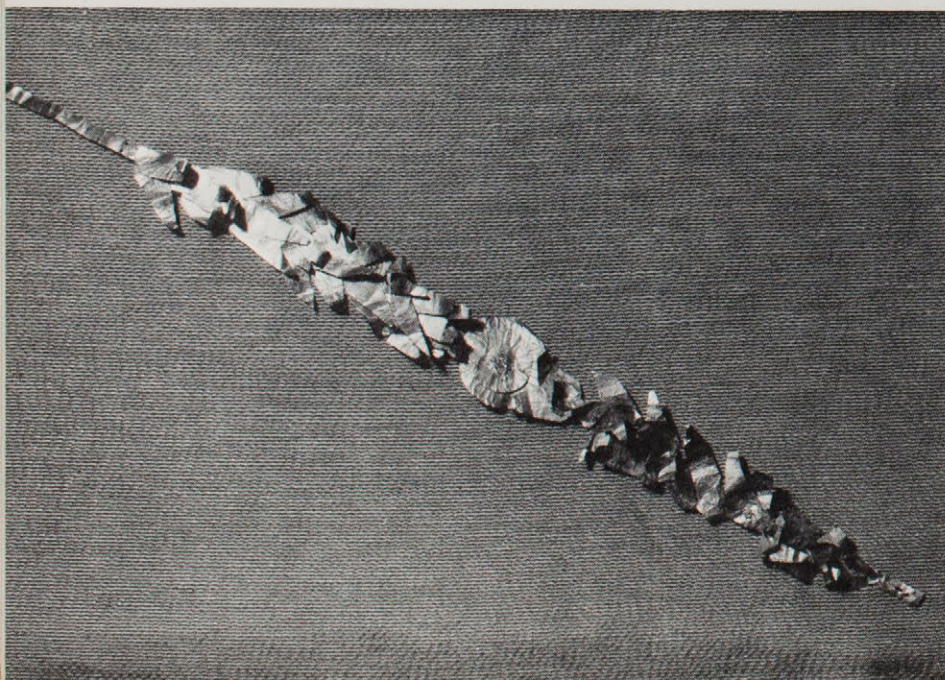
Many long years ago I worked for three summers in Arizona with Dr. Harold S. Colton, long before he founded the Museum of Northern Arizona. Once I found, about shoulder-high, in the adobe surface of an ancient Indian ruin, a symbol that I can never forget as long as I live. It was the imprint of a baby's foot, as fresh and clear as the day it had been put there in pre-Columbian times. How could a baby's foot print appear so high up on an ancient adobe wall? It is very clear to see what must have happened. In the Arizona pueblos the women still tend to the building and the repair of the houses, and many hundred years ago a woman finished buttering this wall with clay. When she stood up (saying "Oh, my back!" I am sure) she saw the smooth wet wall before her. She had a baby on her back and its little foot stuck out under her arm. With sudden impulse she

pressed the foot into the clay—and I swear that the tiny whorls, ridges, and markings of the little foot are still clear and sharp today. Rodin or Gauguin never signed a work of art more definitely and lastingly. On the pottery, the statuary, on the painted canvas in this museum you will find the prints of man's hands that speak as eloquently of man's past as ever voices could. Things! How they help us "to join the human pageant." Things made by man are more than physical concretions and confirmations: they are records of how people have thought and felt—they are life itself held in fixed form as in a crystal.

As you leave today I hope that you will look at that Egyptian head downstairs. Don't merely glance at it, but take a little time (there is lots of time) and see how suddenly and with what magic that face makes you feel akin to all of man's long travail of ecstasies and tears.

I know that I sound rather lyrical in all of this, and that I fumble badly in trying to say what I feel so keenly and sincerely. Let me tell you one more story, which is really the high point in all my museum adventures. Many years ago—in the 1920's—I visited the Field Museum in Chicago for the first time. In the fore-court of this magnificent institution there was then a sort of synoptic index to all the departmental collections of the museum. In one lonely case Biology displayed some great masses of clear amber in which strange insects (unique and extinct) hung suspended. Greek and Roman antiquities displayed a monumental bronze bathtub, standing on four clawed feet, looking exactly as a bathtub should. Every department had a case in which its best foot was being put forward. But in the very center, and place of honor, was a flat case containing some treasures recently found in Mesopotamia. The bottom of the square case was covered with black velvet. In each of the four corners was a little pile of gold things: pins and combs, tiny boxes for eye shadow, little perfume flasks, and earrings and bracelets—all of this in carved or beaten gold. In the center of this case on a

Roman chaplet of beaten gold.



little raised plinth was one single object: a chaplet, an exquisite coronet of gold for a girl to wear on her hair, with lovely little leaves and delicate filigree. When I first came to this showcase two little girls on their tiptoes were peering into it. They were two spindle-legged little girls, in neatly tailored serge skirts with pleats. They had little black socks, and wore round glazed hats with ribbons hanging down behind them. One child was perhaps ten, and the other seven. I arrived there just in time (oh, just in time!) to hear the big one say to the little one, "These in the corner were what she wore every day, but that's the one she wore to the party."

That's the one she wore to the party! And what a party it must have been. I dream about that party, and it is quite as real to me today as it was to that blessed little girl forty years ago. I hope that she flourishes somewhere and that her children (and come to think of it, her grandchildren) have even half so happy an imaginative feeling for the eloquent things of the past.

One last thing must be said. Think of this, think of what a miracle this museum really is. Out of the endless depredations that time and fire and flood and worm and war work upon all the things that men make, what we see around us has come down by a most amazing chance. Behind me on the wall here is this placid little Madonna. What strange fortunes and random circumstances have brought her here, across the miles and the centuries to our luncheon. How simple it would have been (if she is limestone) to have broken her up to sweeten the fields, and if she is clay or wood or some plastic substance, how easily rain and fire—and even politics—could have destroyed her, but here she is and we are infinitely the richer for the miracle that has brought her at last to this haven of comparative safety. And so with all of the old and exquisite things in the galleries of this institution.

Museums are not at all the dead things they once were. Last week I saw in the basement a group of children squatting on the floor.



Class on Indian life with Dr. Baur.

They were not looking at Lassie or Huckleberry Hound—their attention was not riveted on "Gunsmoke" or the adventures of Peter Gunn. A gentleman I see at a table across the room was standing easily against the wall as he talked to these children about the baskets and the headdresses and the utensils of the American Indians at which they were looking. They were obviously entranced and lifted out of themselves. Among them, for a moment, I thought I saw the small boy of the Franklin Institute. But of course this was an illusion.

The little boy has become a very old boy indeed, but he still sits at your feet, ladies and gentlemen of the Museum. He is glad to have had this chance to thank you (and all of your fellows) who in this most effective form of teaching have given us so much enlightenment and lasting pleasure.

Native Plants

Preserve the Land

BONNIE C. TEMPLETON

Curator of Botany

WATER is the priceless heritage of our land and is the product on which all growing things depend. Without the grassland, chaparral, woodland, and forests, there would be nothing to hold the water in the soil. The green cover of our land is gradually being replaced by a sea of houses, a maze of streets and highways, and by sprawling industries.

Since the time of the first settlers in the west, our land has been changed greatly and much of it seriously damaged. At first the change was slow but in the last few years the pace has become frighteningly rapid. Where last week we looked upon a hillside green with its cover of native flowers and shrubs, this week we see the same area: the plants are gone—bulldozed away—and the land is being made ready for houses. Where we saw a restful hill-slope, we see naked terraces with loose soil awaiting the rains to wash it away.

It takes a relatively small increase in water runoff from the upper foothills and canyons to cause serious damage to these denuded hillside lots and to flood residential areas and business districts below with mud, silt, crumbled rock, and sand carried by unimpeded waters. In areas where the native types of plants have been removed, there is nothing to prevent the damaging results the rains can bring. Such plants have existed in this area for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years, because they are ideally suited to the land and climate.

The branches and leaves of these trees and shrubs, together with the litter accumulated

beneath, protect the soil from becoming overheated by the sun and from being dried out by the wind, so that consequent baking and cracking (conditions which accelerate soil erosion) are prevented. The force of rainwater is also broken so that puddling is less prevalent and a gradual and more thorough soaking of the soil results.

The greater the rate of absorption and the more thoroughly water is absorbed by the soil, the less chance there is of floodwaters during rains. Formerly our fall and winter rains were held in check by expanses of chaparral and forests and absorbed in the porous soils beneath. A gradual and continuous seepage will feed rivers and small streams and keep them flowing all year or for longer periods, a condition preferable to having the rain rush down dry, barren, sun-baked mountain sides and canyons to cause damage all along its course. The leafy cover of the chaparral, its stems and twigs and the dense network of roots all tend to guide the raindrops into the ground and bind the soil in place.

Attractive homes can be built without removing the great mass of plants on the site. Native plants, if allowed to remain, can be used in the landscaping with rewarding results. They require very little care and less water than introduced plants. They harbor fewer pests and diseases. And they provide nesting places, food and natural cover for birds which often return to the same area year after year, and sometimes to the same tree. If it were not for birds, much of our vegetation would be destroyed by the insects that feed upon the plants.

California "Mock Orange" is a fragrant and delicate addition to every garden.



Our native plants, when looked upon with an appreciative and discerning eye, can be just as beautiful and attractive in a home garden as their horticulturally introduced counterparts, and far less troublesome to grow. Anyone who has visited the Rancho Santa Ana Botanic Garden—a part of Pomona College, Claremont, California—during the spring and early summer months will remember the lush blooms of pentstemons, lupines, Fremontias, Matilija Poppy, and many kinds of Ceanothus as well as the annuals carpeting the ground with color.

Let's look on the other side of the ledger. Suppose we are among many who have built or will build a house on one of these denuded and terraced plots. We decide to landscape the grounds about the house. We bring in truckloads of exotic plants and try to grow them out of their environment. Five years later we may become suddenly aware that even with our weekly labors our plants do not look happy. Many have disappeared or died, and those that managed to make adjustment to a land foreign to them are constantly pestered by insects. The garage has long since taken on the appearance of a nursery warehouse or has become so cluttered with garden tools and insecticides that the family car must remain parked outside. Instead of allowing our garden to blend in with the larger landscape, we have made it a thing apart. We have set for ourselves a perpetual program of weekend labors and deprived ourselves of the freedom of relaxation.

Nature designed native plants in the southwest to live with a minimal water requirement and to bridge the long, hot summers. Our need for water is so critical, particularly in the southwest, that the struggle for existence is mainly the struggle for water. Maintaining in our gardens exotic plants which require extensive watering may become detrimental to our water supply. It may therefore be important to consider instead the use of attractive native plants such as those illustrated which are among the many that have been successfully grown in home gardens.



"Wild Lilac" or *Ceanothus* does not require as much water and care as non-native plants.



"Woolly Blue Curls" (*Trichostema lanatum*) adds a touch of native sky to landscaping.

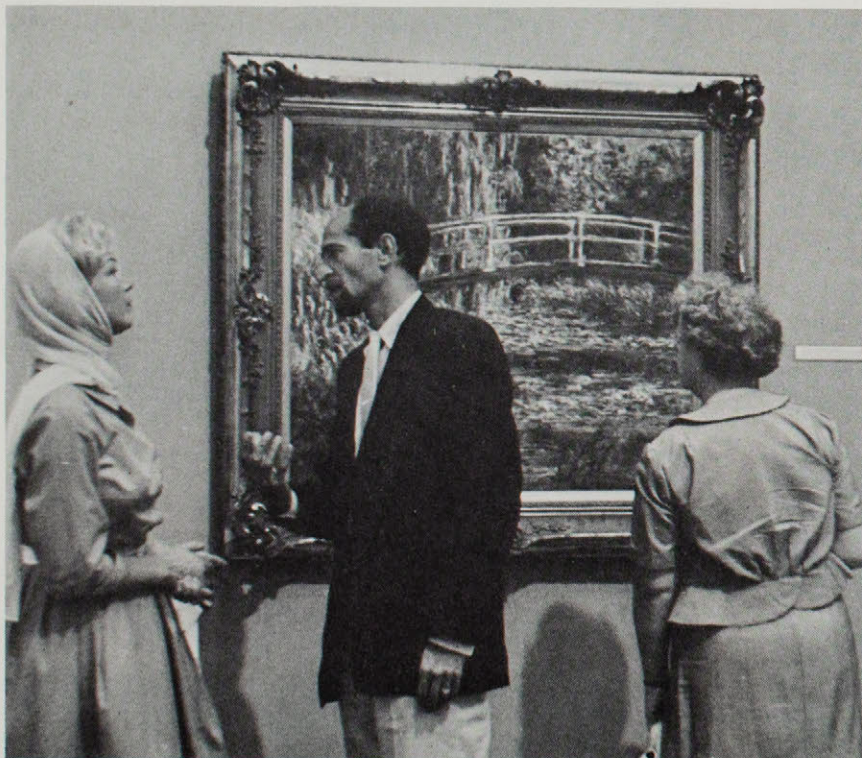
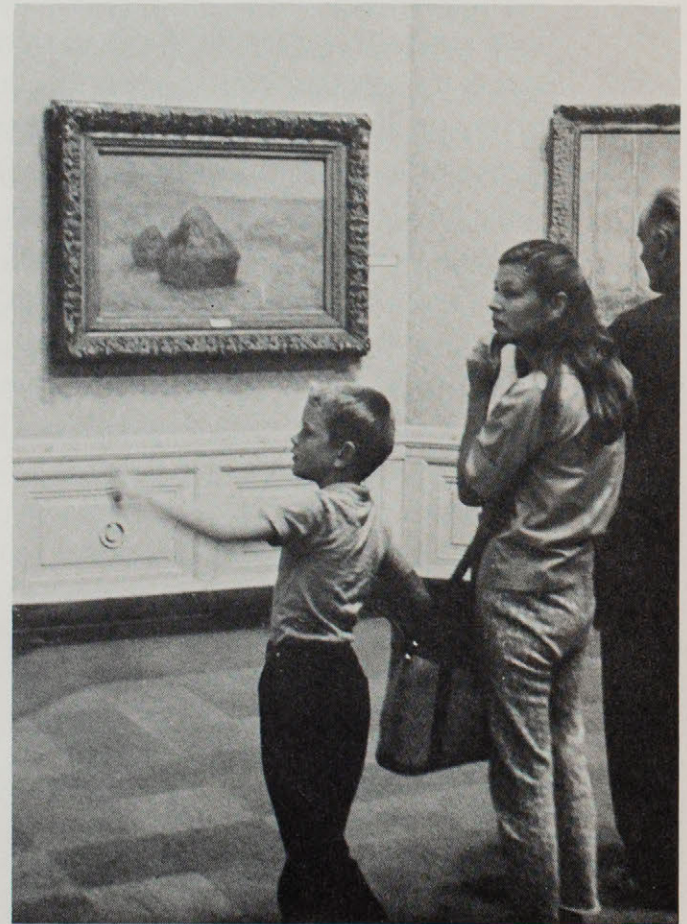
Matilija Poppy is easily cared for and colorful native plant in southland gardens.



Los Angeles meets Claude Monet

Photographs by GABRIELLE D. KUEHN

Date: June 14-August 7, 1960, Claude Monet: Seasons and Moments

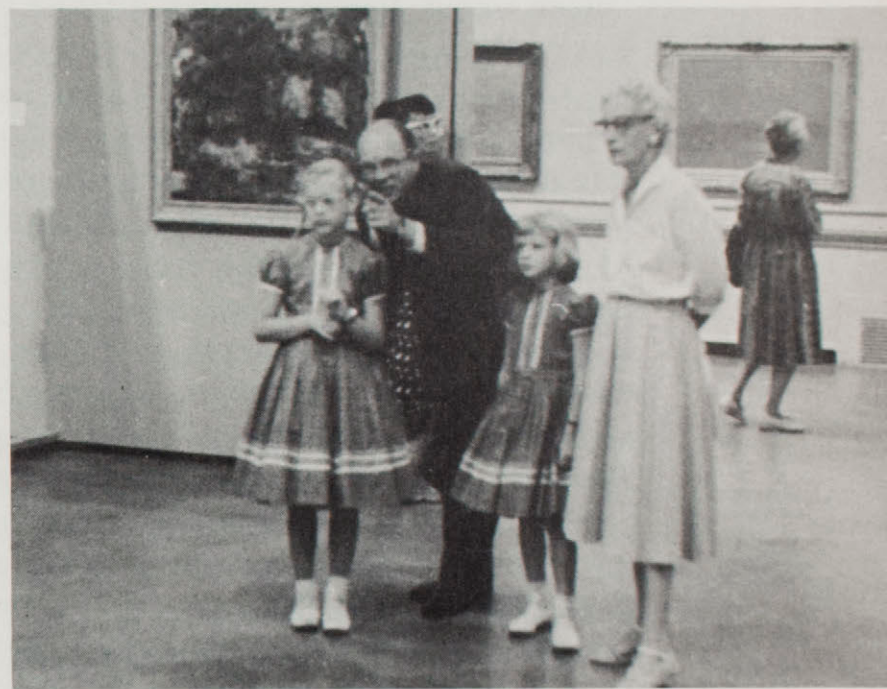


Total cost of show: \$26,790

Total value of show: \$6,000,000



Total attendance: 75,199



Net profit to the County: \$14,642



The show was the result of five years of research by its director, William Seitz, plus one additional year of concentrated work by him and by curators, secretaries, designers, printers, registrars, preparators, electricians, carpenters of the two museums where it was seen, the Museum of Modern Art and the Los Angeles County Museum.

The Thirtieth International Biennial of Art

RICHARD F. BROWN

Chief Curator of Art

WHAT is the *International Biennial of Art at Venice*? (To keep Angelenos straight, we are talking about Venice on the Adriatic, not Venice West, in spite of the recent aesthetic din raised in the latter place.) As the name implies, it is an international art exhibition staged every other year. It is officially sponsored by the Italian government and the City of Venice, and practically every nation on earth organizes, through an appointed Commissioner and his museum or institution, an exhibition of what they believe to be the best art being produced currently in their country. The show from the U.S.A., for example, this year was done by the Baltimore Museum of Art, and our Commissioner was that museum's able, charming Director, Adelyn Breeskin, whose urbane beauty harmonized better with the lovely splendors of The Bride of the Adriatic than most of the art she chose. The majority of larger nations have their own separate buildings, or pavilions, to house their shows, while the smaller countries are given a gallery, or series of them, in a tremendous pavilion owned by the Italian government. All the pavilions are in a beautiful, extensive, woodsy tract called Paradise Gardens. (In Italian that sounds less like an amusement park.)

In short, *The Biennale* is like a world's fair devoted entirely to contemporary art. Having been in existence for about as long as our century, it is the largest, most venerable, and most famous of all such shows. If you are a painter or sculptor and win a major prize there, you've got it made; your dealer is delighted, and you can buy a little villa on the



David E. Bright, Los Angeles art collector and benefactor of THE BIENNALE, with Richard F. Brown, in discussion with Gino Severini, one of the founders of Futurism early in the 20th century, at left.

Riviera, as well as keep a studio in Paris, New York, or Tokyo.

The exhibition lasts until the middle of October, but the time to be there is the one week in June when the jury of seven outstanding international critics deliberates over the awards, when every hotel room and *penzione* is jammed with artists, critics, directors, dealers, and collectors from every quarter of the world, when each pavilion is opened with attendant libations and celebrations, when the expatriates from Chicago or Liverpool and the titled natives open their *palazzi* for fabulous dinner parties, and when each gondola or Gothic balustrade carries its share of lovely ladies arrayed in their most colorful yet chic attire. It is not exactly as described in D'Annunzio's *The Flame of Life*, but it is probably

more fun because most people aren't taking their romanticism that seriously.

This year there were no Los Angeles artists in *The Biennale* (wait!), but we participated, nevertheless, actively, munificently, strenuously, and one might almost say en masse in this wonderful international artistic orgy. The David E. Bright Foundation supplied a few thousand dollars worth of awards for younger artists and purchased a number of things from the Spanish, French, Italian, English, and American pavilions. In addition, Mr. Bright, who is now on the Board for the new Los Angeles County Museum of Art, made some acquisitions for his private collection. Mr. and Mrs. Bright warmed the hearts of 385 leaders in the art world with what can be described only as a "wing-ding" in the ballroom of The Royal Daniele. The Bright Foundation awards were made at the end of The Week during a smaller but impeccably delicious and delightful luncheon at Cipriani's on the island of Torcello. A more enjoyable way of supporting art is unimaginable.

From Los Angeles, in addition to the Brights who, in the words of the Italian High Commissioner, made everyone feel *en famille*, there was the Chief Curator of Art from the County Museum acting as kind of adjutant general for the Bright Foundation and otherwise using this gigantic conclave generally as a concentrated means of ascertaining current trends in the art market, taste, prices, exhibitions planned for the future, and who is working on what for publication. Occasionally, the giddiness engendered by the art world of here and now required a corrective, and the masterpieces by Bellini, Titian, and others in The Accademia or the mouldering churches of Venice provided just the right medicine. But there were moments in *The Biennale's* pavilions, or on the beach at The Lido, or at Florian's Bar when one seemed to be on La Cienega Boulevard. Local art merchants Felix Landau and Esther Robles were everywhere, as were southland artists Billy Bengston, Bob Irwin, Jack Zajac and his beautiful wife, Korda, Bettina Brendel, and Pierre Sicard. A

half-dozen art-interested Angelenos were also present; and if you think Frank Perls would miss such goings on you need to know that Beverly Hills film star better.

Never have so many people from here been there. Conversely, never have so many people from foreign art capitals been interested so vehemently in Los Angeles. Whether the person you were with was a painter from Spain, a critic from Glasgow, a dealer from Berlin, or a museum director from Milan—all are working to arrange their lives and budgets so they can visit Los Angeles. Our date books are loaded. These people now recognize that Los Angeles is a giant coming over the horizon. They want to come see for themselves what we are doing, and decide whether the strength of the giant will be as good for art, culture, humanity as they hope it will be. The eyes of the world are upon us, and, when you converse seriously with these highly civilized heirs of great traditions, you realize how tremendous is the responsibility and challenge we must match.

But what about the real occasion for this great meeting of people in Venice—the art in *The Biennale*? Believe it or not, in spite of the invitingly blue Adriatic, the Italian cuisine, the freely poured spirit of hospitality, the aesthetic attractions of Venice's ancient

Los Angeles art dealer, Esther Robles, left, talking with Peggy Guggenheim at Mr. and Mrs. Bright's party in The Royal Daniele.





Dutch artist Karel Appel surrounded (as usual) with aesthetic attractions.

monuments, and the attractions of many young and vivacious ones, we all spent *most* of our time trudging through the pavilions in *i giardini*. There have been many so-called "International Styles" in the long history of art, but never one quite so limited, hide-bound, and prudish as the one holding sway right now. In a word, everybody everywhere is doing the same kind of thing. And no matter what they might call it in Dutch or Hindustani, it is abstract or non-objective in mode, intense and expressionistic in color, and violently "tachist" in technical handling. The only exceptions were in the "realistic" offerings of such exhibitions as Liberia, Ceylon, or Russia; but none of that was good enough even to be dignified by the name art. There was plenty that was technically brilliant and compositionally masterful in the overwhelmingly preponderant current fashion, and one could not help but be impressed with the infinite formal variety capable in a style that denies itself so much. But seeing it by the square mile leaves one with a feeling of being utterly divorced from what we love in life, a predicament not engendered by the Uffizi, Prado, or Louvre. Why?

Everyone, including the artists, was reveling joyfully in the Italian sunshine, the clear blue Mediterranean sky, the bewitching reflections of Venice in her canals, the smiles from the comely ladies. Not only was none of this represented in the art of *The Biennale*, it was not even suggested, abstracted, symbolized, or otherwise expressed. The art said we do not like the world as it seems and as it is enjoyable to the physical senses; we find a deeper, turgid, shadowy, and frightening reality. The ubiquity, proficiency, and expressiveness of this art, especially when seen in such profusion, is convincing proof that it is *the* art of our time. A brief essay simply trying to describe an art event is no place to attempt an unraveling of the historical, aesthetic, and philosophical reasons for this disturbing schism between the world as we like it and as current art shows it to us. However, unless the history of creativity has stopped, which is most unlikely in light of the fact that it never did in all the millennia of known history (regardless of what some of its contemporaneous critics thought about it), this art has infinite meaning for us. The art of a time has always been both mirror for the present and augur for the future, frightening as that might seem right now to some people.

The Week ended on Saturday with the awarding of prizes and all manner of official and unofficial celebrations that lasted well into the night. Just before Sunday's dawn one of the first long, acrimonious, aesthetic arguments caused by the exhibition broke into violence as a throng of revellers were leaving Martino's night club. The American Franz Kline, a major prizewinner, ended it by socking the jaw of France's Jean Fautrier, another major prizewinner. The sun rose up behind the low silhouette of The Lido anyway, and performed its miracle. The water of the broad lagoon, and the whole city, was transformed into a shimmering, breath-taking vision made up of those pearly colors found in the exquisite shells the Venetians have called since the beginning of their history "flowers of the sea."

The Museum's Budget

ALICE VON BRIESEN

MORE than 90% of the total operating cost of the Museum is financed by the County of Los Angeles. Last May the Board of Supervisors approved an annual budget of \$1,109,550 for the Department of History, Science and Art, County of Los Angeles, as our Museum is designated. (Included in the Museum facilities are Hancock Park, the site of the La Brea fossil deposits, and the ranch house and residence at the William S. Hart Park.) This department is one of the 55 county departments whose budget requirements are submitted to the supervisors every spring.

The inescapable fact about any budget is that unless increases can be allowed, an addition here means a cut somewhere else. Like the rest of us, no curator welcomes cuts in a program dear to his heart, and keeping within budget limitations may involve painful compromises. The exhaustive detail into which curators and division chiefs must go to show a need, the comparative figures they must compile cause many a sleepless night. Spending the taxpayers' money most effectively is a year round concern, but November, 1960, is the month in which Museum staff members will have to set down on paper every dollar they expect to use for the year beginning July 1, 1961, and justify it.

Preparation of the budget starts with a meeting of the administration and division heads to discuss overall needs and to arrive at a general understanding of what is considered to be a realistic program for the coming year. After consulting with curators each division head evaluates his division's needs. These he presents to the Museum's administration office by November. Administrators and mem-

bers of the Budget Committee of the Board of Governors review all requests; those decided on must be elaborated in great detail on forms provided by the county. For example, estimated requirements for salaries and wages, maintenance and operation, and equipment must be compared dollarwise with past and current expenditures and discussed in terms of proposed programs and projects. By early January all forms are completed and in the office of the Chief Administrative Officer of the County. He assigns the Museum's requests to a budget analyst, who makes appointments with the Museum's administrators for intensive discussion.

In order to see its problems at first hand the analyst is shown over the Museum, and objectives are explained. He indicates his recommendations to the director, then confers with the Chief Administrative Officer, whose responsibility it is to balance each department's needs with the total needs of the county. After thorough review and formal hearing before the Chief Administrative Officer, recommendations for all the county departments are printed in a volume containing summaries of all important aspects.

The Board of Supervisors adopts a preliminary budget in early May, which is then made available to the public in printed form. This budget is again considered by them "on or about June 10, for a period not to exceed ten days, during which any taxpayer may appear and be heard for or against any part of the budget." Following these hearings the final budget is adopted which fixes the amounts that must be raised from tax sources.

The cost to the public for the Museum is low compared to other cities. A 1956 survey made by the business office showed that the annual per capita cost of public support for the Los Angeles County Museum was 16.8 cents as compared to an average of 23 cents in other American cities for museums receiving over half of their support from other sources.

The survey also showed the total average cost for each Museum visitor to be less than

Continued on page 23

The Camera Turns the Century

RANSOM MATTHEWS

Associate Curator of Mechanical Sciences

ADAM CLARK VROMAN plunged into amateur photography about 1895 when the photographic art was a little over fifty years old. And now a display of contemporary turn-of-the-century cameras is featured in the new Vroman Gallery which opened as a permanent Los Angeles County Museum exhibit on September 13, 1960.

The advent of the gelatin dry plate in the 1870's freed the outdoor photographer from the necessity of the bulky darkroom equipment formerly needed for the sensitizing and the development of the wet colodian plates, which had to be freshly prepared immediately before exposure and developed at once thereafter. Hence, the 1880's brought forth many dry-plate cameras which, though ponderous by present standards, were light and compact in comparison with the old wet-plate equipment. The natural result was a flood of amateur photographers, whose work in most cases was scarcely worthy of survival. Even with smaller sizes, glass plates were still heavy and bulky.

In 1880, a young bank clerk of Rochester, New York, took up photography and after making his own plates, began furnishing them to his friends under the firm name of "George Eastman." This name was changed to "Eastman Dry Plate Company" in 1881. He was looking for something lighter and more compact, so he tried coating a roll of paper with a photographic emulsion and using it in a roll holder that could be used on a plate cam-



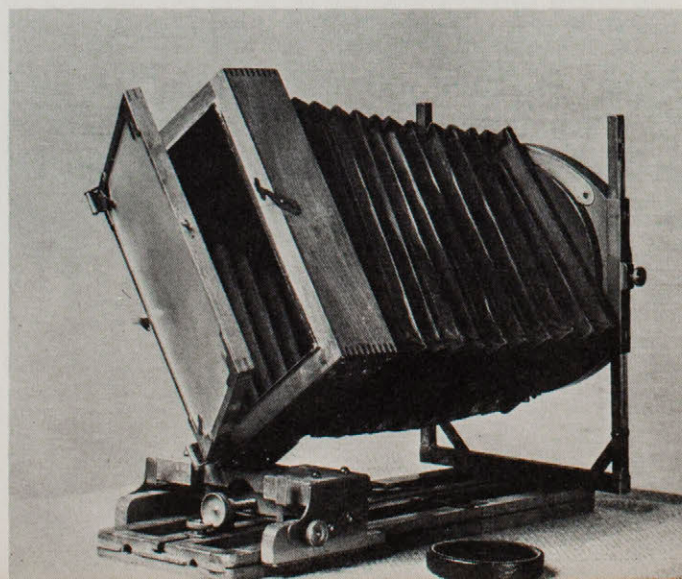
Adam Clark Vroman with his camera at Canon de Chelley.

era instead of a plate holder. After development, the paper negatives were waxed to make them transparent as were the single sheet negatives of Fox-Talbot forty years before. This helped to popularize amateur photography and the company name became "The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Company" on October 1, 1884.

Waxed paper negatives were slow to print, so a process was worked out whereby the emulsion could be stripped from the paper negative and mounted on a glass plate for printing. This detail, however, was too complex for most amateurs, so had to be done at the factory.

A small (for its day) box camera was produced by Eastman in 1888 and given the name of "Kodak." It included a roll holder loaded with a roll of negative paper sufficient for 100 exposures, 2½ inches in diameter. It sold for \$25.00, which included the cost of

E. and H. T. Anthony 5 x 8 Plate Camera, circa 1880, which Charles Fletcher Lummis carried all over the southwest to make his famous Indian photographs. The back and bellows rotate on the lens board to change from vertical to horizontal format. Lens cap at side served as shutter. (Property of the Southwest Museum)



developing the roll, and had to be shipped without removal from the camera back to the factory for development. This first Kodak had a tremendous impact on amateur photography and initiated the slogan, "You press the button, we do the rest."

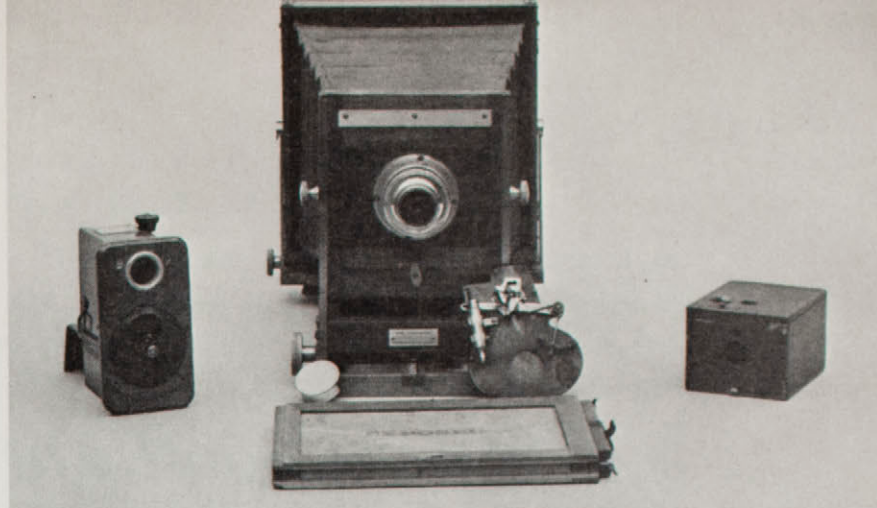
The following year, 1889, saw the production of celluloid film for the Kodak, and in 1890, the company name changed to "The Eastman Company." The first folding Kodak, a ponderous device for taking 4 x 5 roll film, came out in 1890, and was followed in 1891 by daylight loading. "Eastman Kodak Company" became the official name in 1892. These changes of name often help in dating a product of this company.

While we find the amateurs drifting from plate to film cameras just previous to Mr. Vroman's advent in the field, the more serious ones and the professionals still liked to focus and compose their pictures with the old faithful ground glass. We find Mr. Vroman using one of the first folding Kodaks which was revised to use plates and a ground glass focusing screen. With the 4 x 5 roll holder removed, he found room for a 5 x 7 focusing screen which he viewed through a door cut in the back of the Kodak. The bed of the camera was made extendible and the bellows was extended to accommodate the longer focal length of the lens used with the 5 x 7 plates. Some of the workmanship of the conversion is a bit crude, but with this revised Kodak, negatives of priceless historic value were taken.

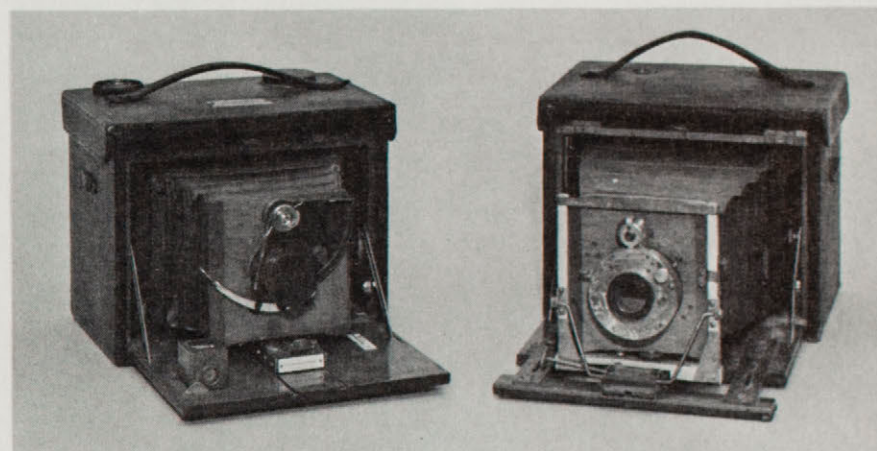
For brevity, we have given primarily the history of only the maker of Mr. Vroman's camera. However, competition was keen and many other makes were on the market and often with very clever features.

Pictured with this article are cameras from 1880 to 1905 to show some of the trends just before and while Mr. Vroman made his photographic record of California landmarks.

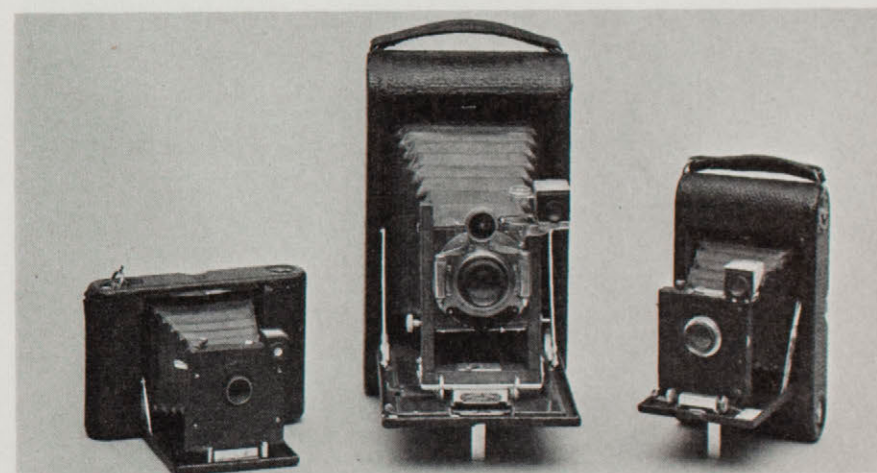
Left: First model Kodak, 1888. Sold for \$25. Loaded with paper negatives for 100 pictures 2x2½. Pictures were round because the lens would not cover the corners. Center: Case for Kodak. Right: 1890 Kodak took 3½ round pictures. This Kodak was given by George Eastman to William Sachtleben, who carried it on the first bicycle trip around the world.



Left: Academy camera made circa 1880 by Marion and Company, London. Magazine in base holds 12 1¼ x 1¼ glass plates. Center: 4¼ x 6½ Plate camera, circa 1885, made by Eastman Dry Plate and Film Company. Metal lens cap served as shutter. The shutter with all mechanism in the open was a later addition. Right: Pocket Kodak, 1895, took 1½ x 2 pictures on roll film.



Left: First model folding Kodak, 1890. Used 4 x 5 roll film. Right: Early 4 x 5 folding Kodak from which Mr. Vroman removed the film carrier and substituted 5 x 7 ground glass and plate holders. Bed plate was made extendible and bellows was lengthened to accommodate the longer focus 5 x 7 lens.



Left: The first folding pocket Kodak, 1899, 3½ x 3½. Center: Folding pocket Kodak circa 1905, 4¼ x 6½. Right: Folding pocket Kodak, circa 1902, 3¼ x 4¼.

Left: Folding Brownie, 1904, the first of this famous line. 2¼ x 3¼ roll film camera. Center: Brownie circa 1905, 2½ x 4¼ roll film. Right: Stereo Brownie, 1905.



The Museum Spotlight



Supervisor Kenneth Hahn with Dr. Delacour.

Dr. Delacour's Retirement

After nearly nine years of outstanding service as Director of the Museum, Dr. Jean Delacour officially retired on October 1st. Dr. Delacour has already left for Europe on vacation time, long overdue. He expects to spend the larger part of this time in France at his home, Chateau de Cleres on the river Seine.

In November he will return to New York where he is a Research Associate at the American Museum of Natural History and in January he will be in Los Angeles again.

Before leaving, Dr. Delacour gave to the Museum some charming pieces of 18th century French furniture which are now on display. Among them are a Louis XVI commode with rouge marble top and parquetry on front and sides, a small lacquered table topped with pearl edged panels showing gold fans on black and a Louis XV walnut armchair.

During August there were several parties given in Dr. Delacour's honor. A dinner on the 18th was well attended by members of the Museum Staff and by the Board of Governors as well as by County Department heads. The Museum Staff presented him with a folding Seth Thomas clock. There was also an afternoon reception given on Friday, the 19th.

Dr. Delacour's great contributions in the fields of ornithology and aviculture have made him well known throughout the world of science.

Kirchner Gift

One of the Museum's most important recent acquisitions is Ernst Ludwig Kirchner's

Ernst Ludwig Kirchner's Two Women in Street Dress, an important recent gift to the Museum.





Pellegrino Tibaldi, sketch for the Genii in the ceiling fresco of the University of Bologna, acquired for the Museum on Miss Feinblatt's recent European trip.

Two Women In Street Dress. Kirchner (1880-1938) was one of the leaders of the German Expressionist movement in art, and this powerful picture, 59 x 47 inches in size, is one of the best examples of this school in American collections. It was generously given to the Museum in August 1960 by B. Gerald Cantor of Beverly Hills. Added to the already extensive collection of German Expressionist art at the Museum, it makes that collection one of the most important public ones of its kind in the country (with pictures by Nolde, Pechstein, Schmidt-Rottluf, Heckel, Beckmann, Kokoschka, Klee, Grosz, Feininger, and two others by Kirchner).

Further Travels of Dr. Brown

Besides attending the Venice Festival he describes elsewhere in this issue, Dr. Brown also found time to attend auctions in Paris and London and to see the exciting opening of the Picasso Show in the Tate Gallery.

James Elliott Organizes Pierre Bonnard Exhibition

James Elliott, Assistant Chief Curator of Art, spent half of July and half of August in New York at the Museum of Modern Art where he began to organize a major Bonnard Exhibition. This is being done in conjunction with the Museum of Modern Art and the Chicago Art Institute. The Exhibition will be shown at these two places as well as here at the Museum.

New Art Acquisitions

Ebria Feinblatt, Curator of Prints and Drawings, has returned from a trip through England, France, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany studying collections. She has made some very important acquisitions at bargain prices which will soon be on display at the Museum.

South American Bird Collection Arrives

The recent purchase of the William H. Partridge collection of birds from the Misiones area of Argentina posed a problem in housing. All 13,500 specimens of the collection arrived at the Museum before cabinets could be acquired. The collection had to be stacked in the center of the third floor hall until cabinets arrived in mid-September.



Curator of Ornithology, Kenneth E. Stager, and Student Worker, Janice Requa, proudly survey the recently acquired William H. Partridge Collection of South American birds.



Dr. Caldwell, the Museum's new Curator of Marine Zoology, at his desk.

Added to the Museum's collections from Brazil, Colombia, Bolivia and Patagonia, the Partridge Argentina material provides the Museum with the finest collection of South American birds west of New York.

New Curator of Marine Zoology

Dr. David Keller Caldwell, an authority on fishes, sea turtles, and whales, joined the staff of the Science Division as Curator of Marine Zoology on August 1st. For budgetary reasons the position had remained vacant for a year following the retirement of Dr. Howard R. Hill.

Dr. Caldwell comes to the Museum from the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service Biological Laboratory at Brunswick, Georgia, where he held the position of Fishery Research Biologist for the past three years. Before this he was engaged in marine research and conducted undergraduate laboratories at the University of Florida.

Dr. Caldwell's wife, Melba, an ichthyologist in her own right, will assist her husband, and has been appointed Research Associate in Marine Zoology at the Museum. The immediate project in Marine Zoology is the planning of the new Marine Hall to be installed in the former second floor lecture hall.

Iris Wilson Catalogues

Del Valle Manuscript Collection

The Del Valle Collection of Early California historical documents has been catalogued and translated by Iris Wilson, a graduate student worker from the University of Southern California. Funds for this work were provided by the Museum Association.

Miss Wilson spent the month of August in Mexico working on some Early Spanish documents of the same period. Next year she goes to Spain on a Del Amo fellowship where she will do further research of this type investigating the Archives of the Indies.

A MESSAGE FROM ARTHUR G. COONS *continued from page 3*

leries, and libraries are all allies of learning. Like the museum or the library in their arts and skills, the college stands to inform, to stimulate inquiry, to preserve and transmit civilization, to criticize and evaluate it, to seek to see incorporated in people and community the best cultural values in mind, character, insight, and behavior. The college and the museum must have inclusive and universal views, never narrow partisan views, seeking to exalt all abiding values which proceed from our common but treasured heritage. In a very real sense today museums, libraries, art institutes, and colleges are allies acting as fundamental

bulwarks against barbarism.

In southern California we must build more of the inescapable material bases of effective metropolitan life, but we must also build more schools and strengthen our colleges, universities, libraries, and museums. These are the only ways whereby we may overcome the desert of ignorance and strengthen the character, intelligence, and social sense of a potentially great people. This region must be faithful to and support the wellsprings of civilization, thereby challenging our community to be intellectually alert, morally sound, socially just, and spiritually alive.

The Museum Association Newsletter

Art Lectures

The Association makes possible the introduction to Los Angeles of outstanding authorities in special fields of art. Members and the public are therefore given a challenging opportunity to compare and broaden their own knowledge of the subject with that of a personage of world-wide reputation. The art lectures are deliberately intended to be serious invasions of a particular field rather than popular surveys. This year the Association will be honored to present Benjamin Rowland, Professor of Art History at Harvard, who will speak on Gandhara Sculpture (November 14, 1960), Edgar Kaufmann, Jr., authority on modern architecture and former Director of Design of the Museum of Modern Art, who will speak on three aspects of *L'Art Nouveau* (February 7, 1961), and Wolfgang Stechow, Professor of Art History at Oberlin College, who will speak on *The Graphic Work of Pieter Brueghel*.



William Osmun, Curator, congratulates Viona Ann Kendall, award winner, before her painting, "Griffith Park."

Art and History Receptions

Award winners were announced at the Association reception and preview on August 16th of the 1960 Annual Exhibition of Artists of Los Angeles and Vicinity. Through its house tour, the Junior Art Council raised the funds for the seven prizes awarded. Members viewed with interest the 146 paintings which had been selected by a jury of three internationally known figures from 2252 entries submitted by 1374 artists.

The History Division's opening of the Vroman Gallery and of an exhibition of mission paintings by Edwin Deakin was celebrated by an Association reception September 13th. Twenty-one of the paintings were recently purchased by the Museum with Association funds.

THE MUSEUM'S BUDGET *continued from page 17*

elsewhere. Cost per visitor to the Los Angeles County Museum was \$1.04, compared to \$1.60 for New York Metropolitan Museum of Art; \$1.71 for the Cleveland Museum of Art; \$1.81 for the Detroit Institute of Arts; \$2.00 for the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco; \$2.08 for the Art Institute of Chicago, and \$2.90 for the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

From these comparative figures it can be seen that the Los Angeles County Museum, which is actually three museums in one, is a bargain to the taxpayers. According to the City of New York's budget 1956-57, New

Yorkers were taxed 36.8 cents per capita for their museums of history, science and art, while San Francisco city and county budget for the same year showed a per capita rate of 71.6 cents in support of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor and the de Young Memorial Museum. Economical though the Los Angeles County Museum's current per capita cost of 17.6 cents is to taxpayers, it allows only about 5½ cents for each division: history, science and art. If Los Angeles is to keep pace culturally with other cities it is evident that increased public and private support is needed.

Highlights of this issue

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You are encouraged to extend an invitation to your friends to become members of the MUSEUM ASSOCIATION—to enjoy with other members the special activities which the Museum Association sponsors and the special privileges available only to its members. Applications for membership will be sent upon request. Richmond 8-2194, Extension 59

Members receive:

1. INVITATIONS for two for the Members' Previews.
2. SUBSCRIPTIONS to The Quarterly and the Art Bulletin.
3. THE CALENDAR listing all exhibitions, lectures, films and concerts—monthly.
4. DISCOUNT OF 20% on most items in the Museum Bookshop.
5. SPECIAL LECTURES at reduced rates.
6. PAINTING CLASSES for members' children.

